

Paul was pretty nearly right
said: "If a man won't work,
will he eat." That is scrip-
tural but he meant was—well, you
common, the modern slang ex-
pression is that which has refer-
ence to activity required for the
support of the swine family or else the

BLUE GRASS BLADE

FOUNDED 1884.

By CHARLES CHILTON MOORE.

and edited by him until his death.
February 7, 1908.



JAMES E. HUGHES - Proprietor.
125-128 North Limestone Street,
Lexington, Kentucky.
P. O. Box 598.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail, postpaid \$1.00 pr. yr. in advance.
Five new yearly subscribers at one re-
mittance 50 cents each.
Foreign subscribers, postpaid \$1.50
per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, single column, 1 insertion,
50 cents; one month, or four insertions,
\$1.00; six months \$5.00; one year, \$8.00.
Quarter column, 1 insertion, \$2.00; one
month, \$4.00; six months, \$20.00; one
year, \$30.00.
Half column, whole column, or larger
advertisements at special rates - "on ap-
plication."

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS to this Blade will
be discontinued at the expiration of the
term for which the subscription has been
paid up in advance. The address slip on
the paper will show subscribers the date
of expiration of subscription. Back num-
bers or numbers omitted will be sent, if
asked for upon renewal in case of discon-
tinuance.

SHOULD ANY SUBSCRIBER change his
or her address, advise this office, giving
both old and new address, as desired.
THIS OFFICE of publication of the Blade
is at 125-128 North Limestone Street,
Lexington, Kentucky, to which all Free-
thinkers will be given a hearty wel-
come.

THIS BLADE is entered at the Postoffice
at Lexington, Kentucky, as second-
class mailing matter.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
JAMES E. HUGHES, Box 598, Lexing-
ton, Kentucky.

The Blade urges upon its readers to
contribute articles for its columns. The
past has said "I had many a piece of pur-
port my serene the dark, unfathomed
curves of ocean bore," and the same be-
lieves of your mind. Especially do we re-
quest articles from our younger readers.
You may not be a Kilder, a Wilson, a
Foster, a Land, or a Weinstein. Very few
of us are. But you certainly can say
something that will be of interest to your
fellow-workers. These great men had
their beginnings. Let us tell the readers
of the Blade what you are doing and
what you are thinking.

THE HOLY ROLLERS.

I have a few remarks to make about
a religious organization which has dis-
turbed the police department of Ameri-
can municipalities for several years.
I refer to an organization that now
has national scope—the Holy Rollers.
Four or five years ago in this maga-
zine, I had some remarks to make about
this sect, and I frankly stated that I be-
lieved that the members thereof and the
members of all such organizations of
which there are many, were more pedic-
ulous than pigs.

Shortly thereafter a man with a ten-
dency to board, walked into my office
and asked to meet the editor.
There was meanness in his eyes and
threat in his voice, and I requested one
of the boys to inform him that the edi-
tor had gone for a long trip.

He was so interested in my getting to
heaven that he wished to send me there
unprepared.

Since then I have had little to say
about these Holy Rollers, Jumpers and
Gift-of-Tongues folk, and other of the
kind, frenzied with self-born visions of
eternity, and a consequent they have
mistaken for holy emotions.

For the past year or more, however,
the sects referred to have been as fre-
quent contributors to the police annals
of the country as plain drunks and day-
light burglars.

It is not a matter of much consequence
that policemen have something to do,
nor that jails be occupied by the gin-
soaked and the pilfering. It is, however,
a matter of serious concern when one

of the most sacred of all human in-
stances—that of religion—is prostituted
by an ignorant, domineering body of men
and women.

There have been but a few days for
many months when the press of the na-
tion has not printed the abhorrent,
hazy, or flaming record of crime for
which this abhorrent sect of Holy Rollers
is responsible.

It is time that these detestable deba-
ches were stopped.

Religious freedom is a most necessary
thing, but there is nothing in the Ameri-
can constitutional expression, which
guarantees liberty of thought and ac-
tion with respect to religious belief, that
can be fairly said to license the orgies
which these Holy Rollers impudently con-
duct. Contemplated as an assembly
they are quite as objectionable as a red-
light ball-masque, while as an ecclesiastical
body they are about as worthy the
name as the revel of a group of Apaches.

The Black Hand has nothing like the
reced of horrible murder as has been
contributed to our chronicles of crime
by this peremptory and devilish band.
Parents driven insane through the mor-
bid teachings of its leaders have killed
their own children, while it thieves
and themselves, ravished and ruined
emotional and ignorant girls, until it
seems some law against wanton vice
should be invoked for its suppression.

A few days ago in the State of Wash-
ington, a leader of this disreputable
den, aided by the contagious character
of that man, who it thieved, advised
his followers to prepare their
selves for the end of the world.

Two credulous victims made prepara-
tion, taking their children and stripping
them of clothes, as they did also them-
selves, they clambered to the roof of
their house on a night of freezing
weather.

They were found half frozen, but still
with fortitude awaiting the arrival of a
chariot of fire in which they expected to
ascend unto the lap of Jacob.

One or two of the children died.
Neighbors forbore took the nude par-
ents from the roof of the house and had
them been in possession of their mental
faculties at the time of this outrage,
they would go to a place where they
would not need clothes, if the theory of
the fire lake is true.

The trouble is that the real offender
is not the man, but the doctrine. The
hellish notion which preached the impos-
sible doctrine of the sect to the intellec-
tual beggars who listened to him. What
ought to be done to him, is of course,
impossible under the humane laws of the
twentieth century. But sometimes when
men of this type have a checkered
record of villainy, faith, with
tragedies such as the above, one may
be pardoned if he spill a tear of regret
that the custom of burning certain type
of offenders is obsolete.

We are apt enough at beating and
dispensing bands of anarchy with
false political doctrine. But we re-
member in our duty of abating nuisance,
of this particular kind.

A man may have a right to believe
about the unheeded or the unknown
whatever he desires. But he has no
right to make men insane in the pro-
secution of his belief.

Such organizations, therefore, are not
fit subjects for religious tolerance. They
are the legitimate prey of the police.
From the Bystander, Los Angeles Calif.

WHY WE DON'T ACCEPT THE BIBLE AS INSPIRED TRUTH.

(By Joel M. Berry.)

First, we will say: In case the Bible is
not true without being called inspired,
it is not true because it is. The word
"inspired" is only added as a sham to
deceive the people. We would, in case
we help the truth a particle. Truth is
self-supporting, while a lie remains a
lie though it should be called inspiration
a thousand times. In other words, be-
ing called "inspired" would not change
it into a truth. Again, Truth never does
or can contradict itself, while the offer-
er of a lie contradicts itself the brighter
it will shine. In other words, it cannot
possibly be true and false at the same
time.

Now, in the Bible we find scores and
scores of instances where one writer will
make a statement that we would, in case
we were a Bible reader and honest with
ourselves, have to believe as an inspired
truth; while another writer, in speaking
of the same instance, will contradict
him to a letter. Now, we ask, which
statement are we in order to be honest
with ourselves, going to believe? Both of
them. Of course! We can't honestly
do otherwise. It takes incredible, but we
are not at liberty to decide upon the
truth or falsity of God's inspired Word.
We must either accept it or reject it as
or else we prove treacherous, not only to our
self, but to the God we pretend to so
dearly love.

So for our part, we concluded the best
way to get out of the mix was to reject
the whole business in toto—with Bible,
with God and all. In that case, we are
honest with both God and His
inspired Word, and we don't have to believe
any inspired truth or lies either.

Now, in order to show up our sincerity
in this matter, let me refer to a few in-
stances in the Bible where its honesty of
teaching is called into question. For
instance, one writer says that God is a
material being—that he has seen Him
and walked and talked with Him face to
face; while another equally responsible
writer will say that God is a spirit and
an immortal being, and that no man
has ever seen him at any time.

Now, in the face of such plain palpable
inspired contradictions as these, what we
ask is the honest, truth-loving, unpre-
judiced person going to do? Believe both
of them to be the God's Word? No, he
cannot honestly do that, for in case he
did, he would either be charging God
with lying, or be lying himself. But he
can honestly reject both as false-
hoods, and save his own credit and that
of God's also.

But what does the poor, ignorant, in-
spired Bible believer have to do? He
has, of course, to believe them both to
be true. He can't do otherwise, for in
case he did he would be charging his
God with deception. He has to read one
statement and believe that to be the
inspired Word of God. He then will read
another that will contradict it to the
letter. He also believes that to be the
inspired Word of God, and in case he
should read such unaccountable, uncon-
sonable statements in any other book
than the Bible, he would denounce them
as lies and deceptions on the spot.

For our part, we don't have to charge
any God with lies or deceptions, because
we don't find the name signed as au-
thor to a single statement in the
book and Thomas J. (I mean) once re-
marked that any book, manuscript or
writing was not worth reading without
the author's name signed to it. So we
think about the Bible. No one knows
who wrote it, and theologians and Bible
critics are today disputing over the
guilt and motto, and the longer we live
the better we like it.

We have also in the meantime lived
without the pale of any so-called Chris-
tian church, done our own preaching and
praying and allowed others to do the
same; consequently we have had no
fears of dark staring us in the face,
no prospect of a future life, and no
hell or heaven or endless hell to disturb
us in our pleasant dreams at night.
We conclude, that in case there is a
loving Father in heaven as the Bible says,
who looks after and cares for His chil-
dren, that it is his business to look after
him. He knows what and where I am,
and in case I want to see or call on
him I would not know what he was, or
where to find him. The Bible says to
call upon our Father who art in Heaven.
But there we are again. We don't know
where heaven is, and we fear it would
be so far away that it would be im-
possible to hear us, so we conclude the best
for us to do is to look after and care for
ourselves.

Wait patiently for the time to come,
and bring it our own reward, and we will
face the result and the future with a
smile.

We are apt enough at beating and
dispensing bands of anarchy with
false political doctrine. But we re-
member in our duty of abating nuisance,
of this particular kind.

Such organizations, therefore, are not
fit subjects for religious tolerance. They
are the legitimate prey of the police.
From the Bystander, Los Angeles Calif.

WHY WE DON'T ACCEPT THE BIBLE AS INSPIRED TRUTH.

(By Joel M. Berry.)

First, we will say: In case the Bible is
not true without being called inspired,
it is not true because it is. The word
"inspired" is only added as a sham to
deceive the people. We would, in case
we help the truth a particle. Truth is
self-supporting, while a lie remains a
lie though it should be called inspiration
a thousand times. In other words, be-
ing called "inspired" would not change
it into a truth. Again, Truth never does
or can contradict itself, while the offer-
er of a lie contradicts itself the brighter
it will shine. In other words, it cannot
possibly be true and false at the same
time.

Now, in the Bible we find scores and
scores of instances where one writer will
make a statement that we would, in case
we were a Bible reader and honest with
ourselves, have to believe as an inspired
truth; while another writer, in speaking
of the same instance, will contradict
him to a letter. Now, we ask, which
statement are we in order to be honest
with ourselves, going to believe? Both of
them. Of course! We can't honestly
do otherwise. It takes incredible, but we
are not at liberty to decide upon the
truth or falsity of God's inspired Word.
We must either accept it or reject it as
or else we prove treacherous, not only to our
self, but to the God we pretend to so
dearly love.

So for our part, we concluded the best
way to get out of the mix was to reject
the whole business in toto—with Bible,
with God and all. In that case, we are
honest with both God and His
inspired Word, and we don't have to believe
any inspired truth or lies either.

THE BREAKER AHEAD.

It was an hour after dusk, and
Harold McCarthy and the fair, young
O'Leary girl were speeding through
the sure sky in Harold's new air-
ship, the Headless. Suddenly a large
white, round object loomed up before
them. But, alas! Harold was not cog-
nizant of this object's proximity, for
he had eyes only for the beautiful
creature beside him. Then there was a
crashing of propeller wheels, a rip-
pling of canvas and a shattering of
frames. Too late Harold sprang to
the helm. His face became ashen.
"We have struck the moon!" he cried
in the face of death.
The frightened girl shrieked and
clung to her careless steersman.
"It's just what mamma feared," she
moaned, "she warned me of the dan-
ger of our being moonstruck!"

Letters vs. Figures.
"What is the meanin' of them let-
ters, MDCCCXCIX?" remarked Sullivan,
pointing to a line in a book indicat-
ing its year of publication.
"Those letters are Roman numerals
signs and they mean 1899," was the
reply.

Sullivan gazed at the letters
thoughtfully, for a moment, then he
said:
"Well, phew! the matter with the
man? He is afraid that figures will
let"—Yonkers Statesman.

An Altruist.
"I beg your pardon," said the fac-
tious diner to the waiter. "I hate to
see any creature lonesome. It's con-
trary to the laws of nature." "I don't
understand you, sir," said the waiter,
with a puzzled air.
"I was referring to this oyster stew.
Now, if you could prevail upon the chef
to put in another oyster to keep the
present bivalve company, it would be an
act of kindness not only to the oys-
ter, but to me, as well."

Increases Business.
The Painless Dentist—I wish I could
increase my business as easily as the
chiroprapist increases his.
The Painless Dentist's Wife—What
does he do, dear?
The Painless Dentist—Why, he hires
two men—one to go around with the
crowds, stepping on people's corns, and
one other to follow after, giving each
victim one of the chiroprapist's cir-
culars.

HAD FELT HIS FOOT.
"I dreamed last night," said Mrs.
Nagget, "that I was in a store that
was just full of the loveliest fur
coats—"

"Interrupted her husband,
hastily, "that was only a dream, my
dear—"

"Yes, I knew it was before I woke
up, because you bought me one—"
Catholic Standard and Times.

The Way He Manages.
Dys—What did the doctor tell you
to do?
Peptide—Laid I must cut down my
food consumption at least 75 per cent.
Dys—Don't you find it difficult to
follow his orders?
Peptide—By no means; I simply don't
tip the waiter.

Different Now.
Stern Parent—When I was your age,
young man, I was accumulating mon-
ey of my own instead of begging it
from my old father.
Graceless Son—Well, I'll take your
word for it, dad. It was easier to un-
load gold bricks those days than it is
now.

Citing an Exception.
"They say," remarked the man who
gets his thoughts second-hand, "that
like produces like."
"Don't you believe all they say?" re-
plied the more or less practical per-
son. "If once drunk some water from
a well and it made me sick."

Indefinite.
The prospective passenger, after he
had carefully inspected the ship, went
up to the captain. "What are your
rates?" he asked.
"Fifty cents, up," replied the cap-
tain.

Why He Smiled.
"They say," remarked the man who
gets his thoughts second-hand, "that
like produces like."
"Don't you believe all they say?" re-
plied the more or less practical per-
son. "If once drunk some water from
a well and it made me sick."

Need for Them.
"There ought to be a humorist or
two in every legislature."
"Why so?"
"Then there might not be so many
jokers in the hills."

His Eligibility.
Bache—How came the people in
your town to select Leaguer for Judge?
He isn't even a lawyer.
Stoppes—No; but he's the county's
best baseball umpire.

Front Row Candidate.
Giles—I used to part my hair in the
middle, but never again!
Miles—Why not?
Giles—Because my hair has gone to
parts unknown.

Solved.
"Why did the chicken cross the
street?"
"I suppose the cold storage ware-
house was on the other side."

DOUBTFUL BALLAD OF COOKS.

We were talking of servants this eve-
ning—
Breviating the number we've had—
All my wife's reminiscences showing.
How like that one that one was had.
There was Jane, who was first. How dis-
content.
My wife's recollection and mine!
She declares Jane was slow and de-
voted.
I remember her coffee was fine.
When we spoke of poor Jane's suc-
cessor,
Pat Dink, from warm Irish land,
I recalled, though wife mentioned the
blowing.
Her hot cakes and muffins were grand.
So it went through our list of domes-
tics.
Mittida, Rose, Gretchen and Kate—
All sunny-tongued Kate from Killarney.
Her corned beef and cabbage were
great.
Oh, girls, who made joy of drapery
And gave me some pleasure in life.
And sent you otherwise perfect
And able to live with my wife!
Why couldn't you keep up the standard,
Irish impression, ladies, perfect.
And make me live with my wife!
That she'd do the cooking herself?
A lady, in Catholic Standard and
Times.

A DIFFERENCE.

Mrs. Bug—You shouldn't say he got
his feet in it. Got his foot in it is
proper.
Mr. Bug—But, my dear, I was speak-
ing of a centipede.

A Boycotter.
A book of verses underneath a bough.
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine—Oh, how
I'd chase myself across the desert floor
If I could see a chance to bite a cow!

Unreal.
"I dreamed last night," said Mrs.
Nagget, "that I was in a store that
was just full of the loveliest fur
coats—"

"Interrupted her husband,
hastily, "that was only a dream, my
dear—"

"Yes, I knew it was before I woke
up, because you bought me one—"
Catholic Standard and Times.

The Way He Manages.
Dys—What did the doctor tell you
to do?
Peptide—Laid I must cut down my
food consumption at least 75 per cent.
Dys—Don't you find it difficult to
follow his orders?
Peptide—By no means; I simply don't
tip the waiter.

Different Now.
Stern Parent—When I was your age,
young man, I was accumulating mon-
ey of my own instead of begging it
from my old father.
Graceless Son—Well, I'll take your
word for it, dad. It was easier to un-
load gold bricks those days than it is
now.

Citing an Exception.
"They say," remarked the man who
gets his thoughts second-hand, "that
like produces like."
"Don't you believe all they say?" re-
plied the more or less practical per-
son. "If once drunk some water from
a well and it made me sick."

Indefinite.
The prospective passenger, after he
had carefully inspected the ship, went
up to the captain. "What are your
rates?" he asked.
"Fifty cents, up," replied the cap-
tain.

Why He Smiled.
"They say," remarked the man who
gets his thoughts second-hand, "that
like produces like."
"Don't you believe all they say?" re-
plied the more or less practical per-
son. "If once drunk some water from
a well and it made me sick."

Need for Them.
"There ought to be a humorist or
two in every legislature."
"Why so?"
"Then there might not be so many
jokers in the hills."

His Eligibility.
Bache—How came the people in
your town to select Leaguer for Judge?
He isn't even a lawyer.
Stoppes—No; but he's the county's
best baseball umpire.

TEASING AN AUSTRALIAN.

The Rt. Hon. George H. Reid, the
Australian statesman, was declining
against a proposed measure at a pub-
lic meeting. Mr. Reid is an enormous-
ly fat man, weighing in the neigh-
borhood of 300 pounds.
"In 10 years," he said, "we shall see
the fullness of this thing. In 10 years
we shall know how vicious it is. In
10 years all men will understand what
I am saying, and I shall be proved
right. In 10 years—"
"How about 30 years?" asked a man
in the audience.
"Oh," snorted Reid, "never mind
about years. We shall all be dead
to that time."
"Then the fat will be in the fire,
won't it, Mr. Reid?" shouted the same
man—Saturday Evening Post.

A Necessity There.
"Here's something I've always want-
ed to know," said Chiman, looking up
from his paper. "Montreal, P. Q.?"
"What does that 'P. Q.' mean, do you
know?"

"Well," replied Mr. Subhuus of
Swampscott, "I know what it means
out our way. It's a byword with us
nearly every day."
"Purchase a quinine!" — Catholic
Standard and Times.

Accidents Will Happen.
"I say, waiter," quipped the nervous
Boston guest in an Arizona hotel,
"what was that explosion at the other
end of the dining-room? Somebody
shot!"
"No, sir," replied the waiter. "We
don't allow shooting in the dining-
room. The new cook accidentally let
a cartridge from his revolver drop into
the soup, and the guest who was just
carried out happened to crush it be-
tween his teeth."

Of Course Not.
"He certainly talks silly!"
"How so?"
"He says if the world's longest rivers
were placed end to end they would
come within 500 miles of encircling
the globe."
"And what is there silly about
that?"
"Why, you silly! It couldn't be
done."

SLIGHT BLEMISHES.
"I dreamed last night," said Mrs.
Nagget, "that I was in a store that
was just full of the loveliest fur
coats—"

"Interrupted her husband,
hastily, "that was only a dream, my
dear—"

"Yes, I knew it was before I woke
up, because you bought me one—"
Catholic Standard and Times.

The Way He Manages.
Dys—What did the doctor tell you
to do?
Peptide—Laid I must cut down my
food consumption at least 75 per cent.
Dys—Don't you find it difficult to
follow his orders?
Peptide—By no means; I simply don't
tip the waiter.

Different Now.
Stern Parent—When I was your age,
young man, I was accumulating mon-
ey of my own instead of begging it
from my old father.
Graceless Son—Well, I'll take your
word for it, dad. It was easier to un-
load gold bricks those days than it is
now.

Citing an Exception.
"They say," remarked the man who
gets his thoughts second-hand, "that
like produces like."
"Don't you believe all they say?" re-
plied the more or less practical per-
son. "If once drunk some water from
a well and it made me sick."

Indefinite.
The prospective passenger, after he
had carefully inspected the ship, went
up to the captain. "What are your
rates?" he asked.
"Fifty cents, up," replied the cap-
tain.

Why He Smiled.
"They say," remarked the man who
gets his thoughts second-hand, "that
like produces like."
"Don't you believe all they say?" re-
plied the more or less practical per-
son. "If once drunk some water from
a well and it made me sick."

Need for Them.
"There ought to be a humorist or
two in every legislature."
"Why so?"
"Then there might not be so many
jokers in the hills."

His Eligibility.
Bache—How came the people in
your town to select Leaguer for Judge?
He isn't even a lawyer.
Stoppes—No; but he's the county's
best baseball umpire.

(By MORGAN OPPENHEIMER in Memorial Issue of *Eugenics*, Chicago).

Which is Different?
see that Wellman is going to
the Atlantic in a balloon."
o you don't see anything of the
t what you see is that Wellman
he is."

